

# Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

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Brer Rabbit and the Money  
Mint . . . see page 6.



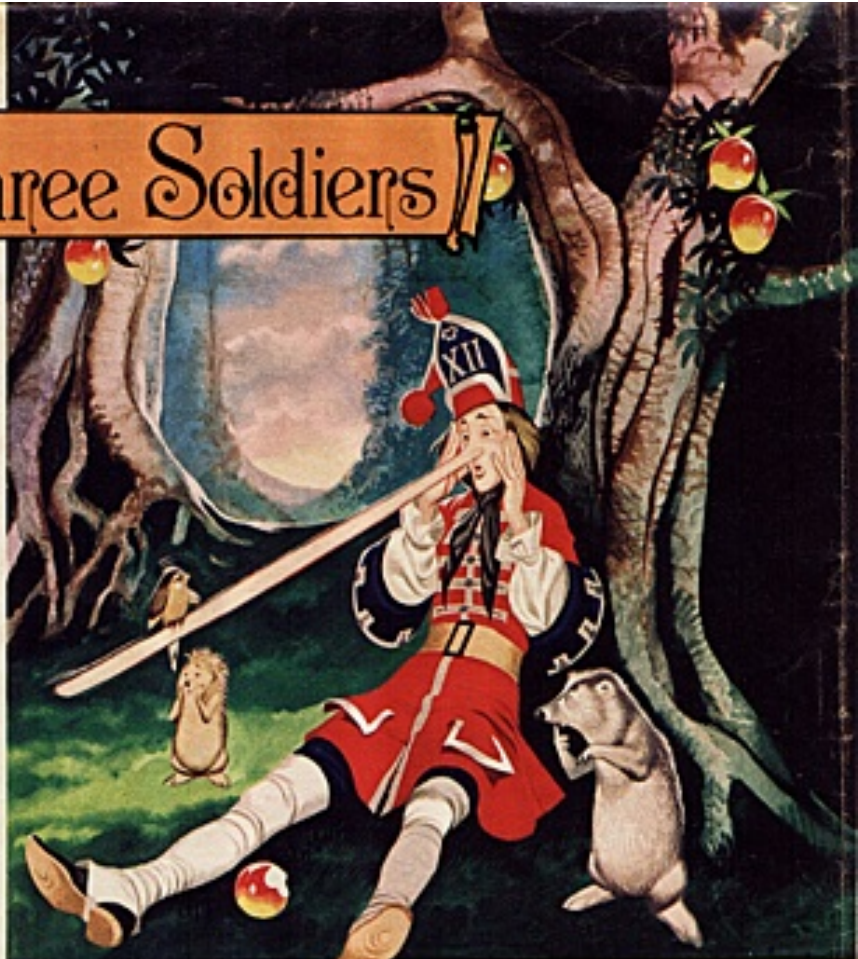
fox  
#1



# The Three Soldiers



1. A strange feeling had come over the soldier in the forest. When he put the third apple to his mouth to take a bite from it, something was in the way. It was his nose—which was growing longer and longer and longer. "Good gracious," he gasped in horror, "when will it stop growing?" It seemed that every time he chewed and swallowed a piece of apple, it grew more!



2. His nose kept creeping out farther and farther. Soon it was a yard long, then two yards at least. A bird came fluttering into the forest glade and perched itself on the long, straight nose, looking a little puzzled because it had never before seen a tree branch quite like it. Other animals came along and they, too, were puzzled, wondering at the strange long-nosed creature, which had suddenly appeared in their midst.



3. Meanwhile, the soldier's two companions were travelling on through the forest, when all of a sudden one of them gave a loud cry. "Look out—it's a snake!" he exclaimed. But when they took a closer look they saw that it was a long, moving nose.



4. "We must follow it and find out its owner," they decided. So they traced it back, until at last they found their unlucky comrade sitting under the apple tree. "There is some magic in this," said one of them. "What can be done to stop the spell?"





5. "I can think of nothing," sighed the gloomy long-nosed one. "What a life I shall have with this enormous nose. How people will point at me and laugh at my misfortune." All three of them sat down in despair, and then suddenly there appeared their old friend the dwarf. "How now, my friends!" he said with a chuckle. "You seem most upset, so I must find a cure for you."

6. "I wish you could, good sir," said the long-nosed soldier. "I would be most grateful to get rid of this snake-like nose, which is a great misery to me." The little dwarf chuckled and reached up to pick a ripe pear from another tree close by. "All things are simple when you know the magic of the forest like I do," he said. "Here is the answer to your problem."



7. He then told the soldier to take a bite from the ripe pear, and when this had been done and the piece chewed and swallowed, the nose began to creep back towards his face. It became less and less in size, shrinking inch by inch until at last, wonder of wonders, the nose was again its normal size. "How can I ever thank you for what you have done, sir?" asked the soldier.



8. "There is no need," answered the happy dwarf. "I will even do something more for you. Take some of these apples and pears with you and visit the princess who stole your purse, cloak and music horn. Whoever eats an apple will have his nose grow long, but give him a pear and all will come right again. So go to the princess and try one of the apples on her royal nose."

More of this delightful story for you in Once Upon A Time next week.





# All Sorts of One Baby Parents







There are some human beings, animals, birds and fishes that have more than one baby at a time. Dogs and cats have been known to have more than seven young in a litter, and birds may lay four or five eggs, two or three times in the spring. But there are some animals that never have more than one baby at a time. Some of these creatures are shown on these Allsorts pages. Giant Pandas, see picture C, are rare nowadays. Two famous ones are in captivity, and they are called An-An and Chi-Chi. Unfortunately, they have not had any offspring.

- A. CAMEL
- B. KANGAROO
- C. PANDA
- D. ORANG-UTANG
- E. ELEPHANT
- F. RHINOCEROS
- G. SLOTH
- H. BUFFALO







# BRER RABBIT

This week . . . Brer Rabbit and the Money Mint.

ONE day, Brer Fox was sitting in his house, counting his money. It didn't take him very long at all, for there was hardly any money to count.

Brer Fox, he sat and thought about this for a long time, he did, and at last he decided he must go out and hunt for a place where they made money. He went out of his house and shut the door behind

him and then off he went, down the road, hoping to find a place where he could get some money.

Well, before long, who should Brer Fox come across but Brer Rabbit. He was walking along that big road, whistling to himself, just as if he hadn't got a care in the world.

Brer Fox, he decided to be neighbourly, so he went over and joined Brer Rabbit and asked him how he was and how the family were, and Brer Rabbit was just as neighbourly and asked Brer Fox how he was and enquired after his family, just as if they were the best friends in the world.

As they went on down the road, chatting in the pleasantest way, Brer Fox suddenly pricked up his ears. Brer Rabbit had one hand in his pocket and Brer Fox could hear something rattling quite clearly.

"If I'm not very much mistaken, that's Brer Rabbit's money I can hear rattling," said Brer Fox to himself. He looked sideways at that rabbit. He still had one hand

in his pocket and there was a mighty loud rattling noise.

"Brer Rabbit, is that money I can hear rattling?" asked Brer Fox, as casually as he could.

A kind of grin spread slowly over Brer Rabbit's face and he just jogged on with a careless air about him. "Oh, it's just a bit of loose change that I like to carry around with me, in case I need it," he replied. And with that, he brought his hand out of his pocket and it was full of silver—little coins and big coins in plenty.

Brer Fox's eyes turned quite green with envy as he looked at all that money. "Why, Brer Rabbit, aren't you afraid someone will come along and knock you down and steal all that money?" he asked.

"Oh, if they want to go to that much trouble just to get a few coins, let them, I don't care," replied Brer Rabbit, quite unconcerned. "I'd just get some more from the place I got this."

"But tell me, Brer Rabbit, where did you get all that money?" asked Brer Fox.





fairly bursting with curiosity. "I haven't seen so much money since I sold my water melons last year. Times are hard, and sometimes I don't know how I shall survive until the next harvest time."

Brer Rabbit looked at him in surprise. "Why, I got it from a place where they make it. That's where I got the money, Brer Fox," he said.

At that, Brer Fox stopped and stared at Brer Rabbit. "Where is this place, tell me quick, Brer Rabbit," he pleaded. "And I shall never try to catch you for my cooking pot again."

"Oh, you've got to keep your eyes open like me," said Brer Rabbit. "First it's in one place and then in another."

"Well, tell me how to find it," pleaded Brer Fox. But Brer Rabbit just put his head on one side and looked at Brer Fox doubtfully.

"Well, I don't know if I should tell you, you might not be able to keep your mouth shut," he said. "You might go blabbing it all over the neighbourhood and then everyone will go and get it and there won't be any left for us."

Brer Fox vowed and declared he wouldn't breathe a word to a soul, if Brer Rabbit told him how to find the place where the money was made, so at last, Brer Rabbit drew himself up and, looking most important, he said, "All you have to do, Brer Fox, is to watch the road to see when a waggon comes along. Now, if it's the right sort of waggon, you will see that

there are two wheels at the front and two wheels at the back. Furthermore, you'll see that the two front wheels are a lot smaller than the two back wheels. Now, what does that suggest to you, Brer Fox?"

Brer Fox scratched his head and he looked a bit foolish. "I don't rightly know, Brer Rabbit," he said.

"Why, you can guess that sooner or later the big wheel is going to catch the little wheel up," said Brer Rabbit, looking as though he felt sorry for Brer Fox, because he was such a numbskull. "Your commonsense ought to tell you that."

Brer Fox looked a bit ashamed of himself. "It does look like it, Brer Rabbit. Yes, of course, that is what will happen," he said.

"Well, when the big wheel catches the little wheel up and they both grind together, then brand new money drops from between them," said Brer Rabbit. "And that's the time you can go and fill your pockets, Brer Fox."

Brer Fox looked puzzled and scratched his head thoughtfully. "Are you sure that is how money is made, Brer Rabbit?"

"Yes, of course I'm sure," said Brer Rabbit. "I thought every animal knew about the money waggons. If you want money you just follow along behind the waggon and watch for those two wheels to rub up against each other," Brer Rabbit continued. "But if you don't, why don't bother to follow the waggon at all. Next time you see a waggon go by, just call

out for me, if you don't want to follow it, for I haven't got enough money. I can always do with some more."

Just then they heard the clip-clop of hooves and there was a waggon, coming over the top of the hill.

"Decide whether you want to follow it, Brer Fox," said Brer Rabbit. "If you don't, I'll go after it myself."

"Well, I think I'll go just a little way and see how the wheels are running," said Brer Fox in a shamefaced sort of way, and with that, he got up and followed the waggon. Brer Rabbit wished him luck and off he went, in a different direction.

At the top of the next hill, he looked back and there was Brer Fox, trotting along behind the waggon. When he saw that, Brer Rabbit lay down in the grass and laughed until his sides ached. As for Brer Fox, he followed that waggon such a long way that it was some time before he was seen again.

Of course, when all the other animals found out that he had been fooled by that cunning rabbit, they laughed until tears trickled down their faces. "Fancy thinking that money comes from waggons," they cried. And Brer Fox was so ashamed that he had fallen for such a silly trick that he took to staying in his house all day. And Brer Rabbit made sure that he did not cross Brer Fox's path for a long, long time.

**Another chuckle tale of artful Brer Rabbit next week.**



# CORAL



It may be hard to believe, but coral is really a living creature. The coral animal begins life as a free-swimming creature that moves about with the fishes in the ocean. It then settles on a rock and, after a length of time, the animal loses its power of movement and spreads out long arms, which eventually form a hard skeleton. It is this hard substance that we take from the sea. In a clump of coral, it is impossible to see where one animal stops and another begins. Coral grows to many shapes, as you can see from the picture below, the salmon-pink coral being the rarest and most sought after, so it naturally fetches a good price on the market. The coral is found in warm water; for example, off the shores of Florida, the West Indies, and the Great Barrier Reef of Australia, which is entirely made of coral.

The natives in the top picture have been diving for coral, a skilled job for they have no aqualung like the diver in the picture below to assist them to stay under the water for any great length of time. Polished coral is much used in the making of beads and brooches.







**This is a Memory Test. Read it carefully, and then turn to page 16 and answer the questions about it.**

# Blue Moon

If you say "Once in a Blue Moon", it means not very often. But did you know that there really is such a thing as a blue moon?

In 1883, a blue moon was spotted by thousands of people. It was caused when an island in the Straits of Sunda, near Java, exploded as the result of a volcano becoming alive.

The island, called Krakatoa, was five miles long, and three miles wide. On one side of the island, was a mountain, and, although it was believed by everyone to be dead, it erupted on the 26th August, 1883. The explosion split the island in half, a good part of it being blown into the sky, so that by the end of that month,

an island that had once been teeming with animal and bird life, trees and flowers, was buried under at least one hundred feet of volcanic ash.

Great clouds of volcanic dust and vapour drifted into the air, and this dust, carried by the winds, spread over the world. It was also this dust that caused the moon to look blue and sometimes green. The sun, too, was affected. Although no one says "Once in a Blue Sun".

Late in December, in 1947, a similar thing happened. Some other volcanic eruptions, although much smaller than the one Krakatoa experienced, caused the air to be filled with dust, and blue moons were reported by people who saw

them in England and Wales. One moon that was blood-orange on one side and green on the other was supposed to have been seen at the Corinth Canal in Greece.

You may be interested to know of the fate of Krakatoa. After the explosion, no living thing was left on the island, and experts said that nothing would ever live on the island again. But seeds, carried by the wind, landed there, took root and grew; birds flew to the island and started to nest; and reptiles, probably floating in on logs, together with many varieties of insects, soon took possession of the empty island, and today it is again filled with animal and plant life, just as if nothing had happened.



# The Frog

ALL through the evening meal she had no appetite for the food. He sat on the table, and when he had done that, he smacked his lips.

"An excellent meal, dear princess," he said. "I promise you when I went down the deep well, I made a promise was?"

"Yes," the princess replied. "I will make a promise that you might want."

Later, when the princess went away up the steps behind her, the prince was already in bed.

"Now lift me up, so that I may see you," he said, so, though she shuddered at the thought, she did so.

"Thank you, dear princess," he said. "I will be here tonight. May all your dreams be true."

The frog quickly dropped off to sleep, and all night until the first light of dawn he was plip-plopping over to the door and back again, fall asleep for a while.

She was even more pleased to see him. But in the morning, when she heard the plip-plopping feet on the floor, she was wakened.

"Oh, why have you come back?" she said.

"Well," said the frog, "it did not do me any harm, and I must insist that your promise be kept. Tell us as to how long my visits shall be."

So once again the princess made a promise. When she went to bed, he went down the well.





# Prince.

meal in the palace, the princess had not eaten a thing. She was so upset that the splendid food served to her on a golden plate. But the frog had no lack of appetite in front of the plate and ate with very hearty appetite indeed. Having finished, he looked up at the bewildered princess.

"Princess," he croaked. "Now you have kept two of the promises you made to me. I will get back the golden ball for you. Do you remember what the third

promise was? In a voice hardly above a whisper, "Perhaps I was foolish, but I did indeed sleep beside me on the pillow of my bed. I shall keep it."

At last to bed, she ran up the marble staircase, with the frog plip-plopping his feet behind him. He did not hurry, however, and by the time he reached the upstairs room, the

princess was already asleep. "Sleep beside you on the pillow," said the frog, and the princess had to do without the touch of him, for he was damp and slimy.

The frog said with a yawn. "After that splendid meal I shall sleep soundly and happily."

He tried to sleep on the soft pillow, but the princess was not so lucky. She lay awake all night, waiting for the frog to wake up and jump down from the pillow. Then he went away and disappeared. It was only then that the princess felt relieved enough to

go to bed. When she saw nothing of the frog during the next day and thought she had forgotten him, when the supper-meal was ready, she gave a gasp at the sound of

"Click?" she asked when the frog came in.

"It seems to me that you were not too willing yesterday to grant my three wishes. My wishes must be kept readily and willingly. There was nothing agreed between us that they should go on, so I propose to make them last for two days more."

The princess had to pick up the frog and place him on the table to eat from her plate. She sat with her as before, sleeping beside her on the pillow until the first light of

On the third evening, too, the frog could be heard plip-plopping up the stairs, but by now the princess was almost beginning to get used to him. When she went to bed that night she fell asleep at once and slept soundly.

At first light she woke. The frog was not on the pillow beside her. Then, to her great surprise, she saw a handsome prince standing at the foot of her bed.

"I am the frog to whom you have been so kind these past three days and nights," he said.

Then the prince told the princess how he had been changed into a frog by a wicked witch, who had cast a spell on him. The spell could only be broken if the frog could find a princess who would let him share her food and sleep upon her pillow.

"The witch was sure that I would be turned into a frog for ever," the prince went on. "It seemed impossible that a lovely princess would allow a frog anywhere near her. But now you have broken the spell and I am very grateful."

The prince turned to leave, then stopped.

"There is just one more thing for me to say," he went on. "I have watched you in the garden by the well for many months, and when I first set eyes upon you I fell in love with you. Would you promise me one more thing?"

"What is that?" asked the princess.

"Let me take you back to my own kingdom and make you my wife," the prince replied.

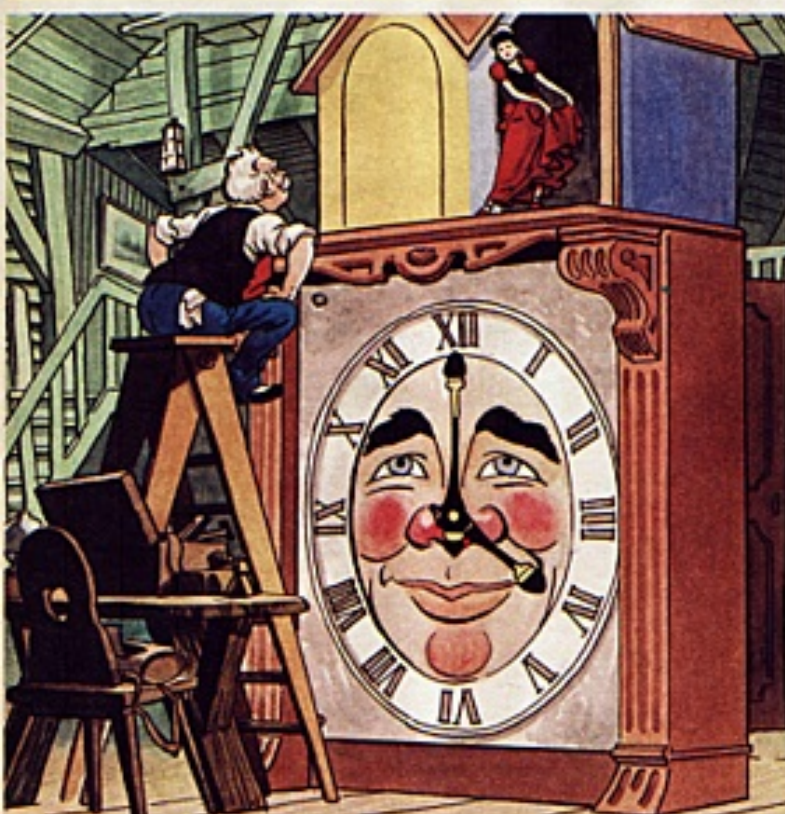
This was a promise which the princess readily made and they went to the king, who gave his consent at once.

The king said that he could not wish for a better son-in-law, so the prince and princess set out without more delay to the prince's own kingdom, where the people were overjoyed to see him return, safe and well.





# The Wonderful Clock



1. Once, long ago, an old Swiss clock-maker made a fine new clock for the Town Square. There was never anything like that clock. On top were two little houses, one blue and the other yellow. And at the stroke of the hour the door of the blue house opened and a girl-doll ran out and did a little dance.



2. And on the second stroke the girl-doll ran back into her house, while the door of the yellow house opened and a boy-doll came out and did a little dance. And on the third stroke it was the girl-doll's turn again, while the boy-doll ran in and closed his door. And so they took it in turns to appear.



3. Well, you can see what a very fine clock it was, can't you? The townspeople were very proud of it, and it grew famous far and wide. Then, one day, something went wrong. At the first stroke the blue door didn't open, and the little girl-doll didn't come out and do her dance as they all expected.



4. And at the second stroke the yellow door remained firmly closed, and the little boy-doll didn't come out to do his dance. "Well," grumbled the clock, "if they aren't going to work, neither shall I." And he stopped on the third stroke, although it was twelve o'clock and he had nine more strokes to do.





5. My, there was such a to-do in that little town. Everyone went rushing to fetch the old clock-maker, but he couldn't find out what was wrong. "The works are as good as the day I made them," he said, scratching his head. "Why, there's no better clock-maker in Switzerland than me, and my clocks last forever."



6. "Well," said the Mayor, "we'd be happy if you could do something to make these two dolls of yours dance. Why, people travel for miles to see them, and if they won't even come out of their houses it'll make our town a laughing stock, and no one will ever want to visit us again." And all the people agreed.



7. They left the old clock-maker alone to think about the problem, but the more he thought about it the more puzzled he became. He was just about to give up when the wise old owl who lived in the clock-tower flew down and whispered something in his ear. "Why, of course," cried the delighted clock-maker.



8. He worked all night and then he gathered the townspeople in the square at twelve o'clock. At the first stroke both little houses opened their doors, and both dolls skipped out and began to dance happily together. "You see," said the clock-maker, "it was just that they were lonely. And now they'll never be lonely again."





## Beautiful Paintings

It is five o'clock in the morning, and although it promises to be a lovely summer's day, the girl in this week's Beautiful Painting, looks quite sad. This is because it is a Monday, and Monday means that she must return to work after having a day off on Sunday. We can see from the turned-down bedclothes, that she has just got

up, and there is a pail of water by the fireplace, ready for her morning wash. A towel is hanging just above the pail. The room is poorly furnished and looks as if it is part of a farmhouse in Italy or France. I think you will agree that there is much to look at in this picture called "Sad Presentiment" by Gerardo Induno.



# The Hawaiian Islands

FLAG OF THE STATE OF HAWAII



Lying in the centre of the Pacific Ocean, the Hawaiian Islands are really volcanoes, built up from the bottom of the ocean. In 1959, the Hawaiian Islands became the fiftieth State of the United States of America. To draw a pineapple, a fruit that grows well on the islands, shade in the areas marked with a dot in the puzzle below.



Take a boat trip around the islands, starting at Honolulu (the capital), to Lihue, to Honuapo, to Hilo, to Mahukona, to Hana, to Kalaupapa, and back to Honolulu again, without crossing any lines of the maze.







# The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

This week . . . Stephanie's milkmaid dress

STEPHANIE, the smart town mouse, thought that if there was one thing she disliked, it was living in the country. Most of the time, Stephanie lived in a nice house in the town and she went to exciting things like parties and dinners and theatres, but here she was, in the country, looking after her cousin Winifred, who had fallen in the river and caught cold.

Stephanie wasn't very good at housework, but she thought she ought to do a little bit, as Winifred couldn't do it herself. She looked around, until she found a fluffy feather duster and went around the room, flicking all the furniture with the feather duster. "There, I'm sure that looks better," said Stephanie to herself. "Why everyone grumbles so much about housework, I can't think. It only took me a minute or two."

Of course, as Stephanie wasn't used to housework, she hadn't done things like moving the chairs and sweeping the dust from under them, or scrubbing the kitchen floor, or washing the doorstep or polishing the door-knocker or all the other little jobs which Winifred would have done.

"Well, I suppose it's time I got some dinner for Winifred. Ugh, cooking!" said Stephanie, rather crossly. "How awful!" Then she looked down at her lovely dress.

"Well, I don't want to spoil my nice dress getting grease and dust all over it," said Stephanie. "I need something respectable to wear when I go out, so I'd better see if I can find something to wear around the house."

Upstairs in a bedroom, Stephanie came across an old trunk. "H'm, I wonder what's in here," she said to herself, and opened the lid.

The trunk was full of old clothes. Stephanie pulled them out and she saw that they were all very neatly packed and had been carefully stored. Some of them were trimmed very prettily with lace and some were embroidered.

Stephanie looked them over carefully. "I think this one would suit me," she said to herself, so she took off her fashionable

town dress and put it on. Then she looked at herself this way and that in the mirror. "Yes, I think that one will do nicely," she murmured. "It does seem to suit me."

When Winifred saw Stephanie she could hardly believe her eyes. "Ooh, Stephanie, you do look nice," she said. "Are you going to milk the cows now?"

"Cows?" squeaked Stephanie in horror. "I have no wish to go anywhere near cows, Winifred."

"Oh," said Winifred. "I only asked because you are wearing that milkmaid's dress. It's quite an old one, you know. It belonged to my Great-Aunt and she wore it for Fairs and Cattle Shows."

A horrid thought suddenly struck Stephanie. "Winifred," she said. "Where do you get your milk from? I mean, do you actually go and milk one of the cows when you want some milk?"

"Well," said Winifred. "It's really much easier to pop over to the dairy and get a pail of milk from one of the cows. I mean, it's so near and you can get the milk fresh whenever you want it."

"All I can say is that I'm glad I live in a town, where milk comes as it should do, in nice, clean bottles," said Stephanie, in her most superior voice. "Well, we're almost out of milk and you're in no fit state to go out and milk cows, sneezing and snuffling like that, so I suppose I shall have to try."

Off went Stephanie. "Really," she grumbled to herself, as she picked up the pail. "The longer I stay in the country, the worse it gets. Milking cows, indeed."

When Stephanie went into the dairy, the cows were peacefully eating hay. One of them looked at Stephanie, in her milkmaid's dress holding the pail, out of the corner of her eye. "Moo-o-o," said the cow.

"I want some milk," Stephanie retorted. "And I won't stand any nonsense either." Then she sat down on a little three-legged stool and started milking. Stephanie thought it was very hard work. Either she was not very good at milking, or the cow was just determined not to give any milk.

However, Stephanie had no intention of being beaten by anything so simple as a cow so she didn't give up and at last she had a pail half-full of milk. She picked it up and made her way wearily to the door.

As she went out, she saw several mice walking towards her, looking very gloomy. Their leader was wearing a bowler hat and carrying a brief-case. "H'm, he doesn't look much like a farmer to me," said Stephanie to herself. "In fact, he looks as fed up at being in the country as I am."

Just then, the mouse with the bowler hat saw her. He stopped, stared and then smiled broadly. "At last," he said happily. "I've found a milkmaid who is pretty. Miss Mouse, I'm delighted to meet you."

Stephanie had just opened her mouth to say that she certainly wasn't a milkmaid, when the mouse went on. "I've been trying to find someone to be our Dairy Queen, but although I've looked everywhere, I haven't been able to find anyone pretty enough. I'd be delighted if you would be the Dairy Queen and open our Dairy Show for us, Miss Mouse."

"Well, I'm not really a milkmaid, but I will be delighted to help you out," said Stephanie, graciously, because really she rather fancied being Dairy Queen.

"What a good thing I was the one doing the milking and not Winifred," she thought as she went back to Winifred's cottage. "Otherwise, they'd still have been searching for their Dairy Queen."

More about the mice next week.

Here are some questions about the story "Blue Moon" on page 9. To test your memory, see how many questions you can answer before turning back to check them.

1. In what part of the world is Krakatoa?
2. What caused the blue moons in 1883?
3. What was seen at the Corinth Canal in Greece?







# Tiny Tim and the Forest Giant



1. For a while, the woodman's seven sons were very happy in the forest where their poor father had left them. But when the dark of night came they were very frightened because they were lost. Tiny Tim, however, told them to cheer up and follow behind him.



2. "I had an idea what was going to happen," he told his six brothers, "so I brought pocketfuls of white pebbles and laid a trail which we can follow." Sure enough, every few yards there was a white pebble which took them safely along the forest paths.



3. Next morning, the woodman set off to work to cut down some trees, but this time he had none of the seven sons to help him, and he could not help feeling all alone and very sad. He hoped with all his heart that a kind and wealthy person had found them and would look after them. Suddenly he heard seven happy voices.



4. How delighted the woodman and his wife were when the seven boys came rushing back into the cottage. Their mother hugged and kissed them all, overjoyed to have them back. "It was Tiny Tim who did it," the eldest of the boys told her. "He found the way back from the forest because he left behind a trail of pebbles."





5. For a few days all went well, until there was little food left in the cottage for the hungry boys. So once again the woodman and his wife decided that they must go. Waking them up, they told the boys to go with their father on another trip into the forest.

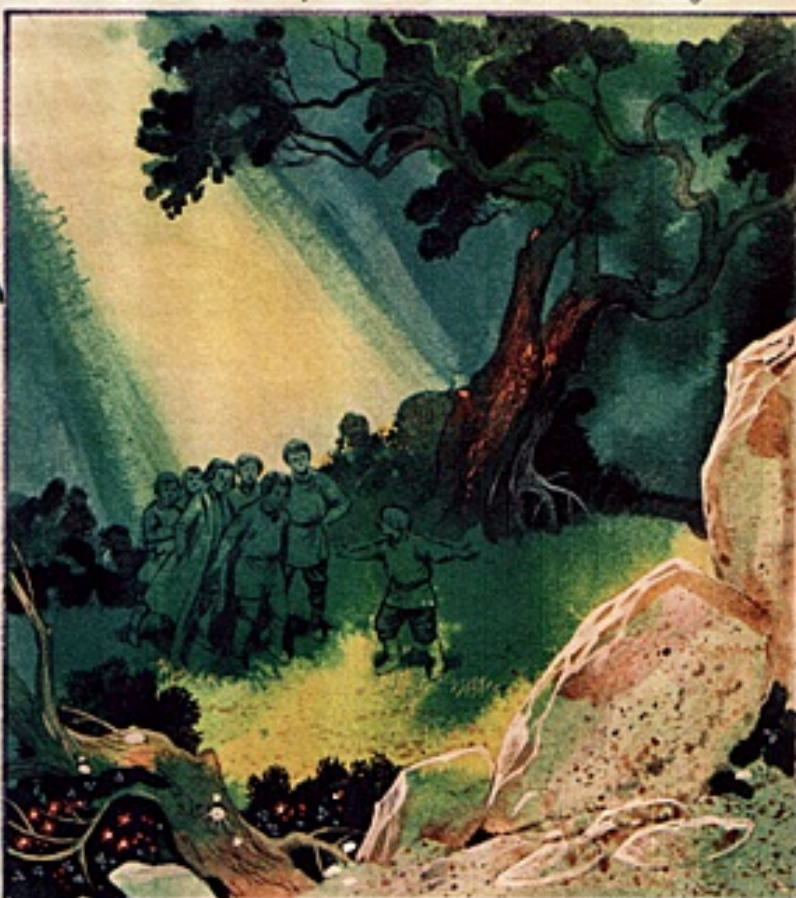


6. Tiny Tim had no chance to collect a store of white pebbles as he had done before, but his mother had given him a chunk of bread, so he thought of the idea of breaking off small pieces, dropping them behind him. "They will form a useful trail," he thought.



7. Deeper and deeper the woodman and his seven sons went into the forest, along twisting trails known only to the father. It was a delightful day and the boys shouted and romped and played games. Then came the moment when the woodman decided to steal away and leave them. Sadly he left them with the twittering birds.

What will happen to the boys now? More of this exciting story for you next week.



8. When the day was coming to its end the boys stopped their games and looked round for their father to take them home. But he had disappeared and they were lost. "How can we find our way out of this forest?" they asked. Not even Tiny Tim could supply the answer, for the hungry birds had eaten every crumb of bread!





# The WISE OLD OWL

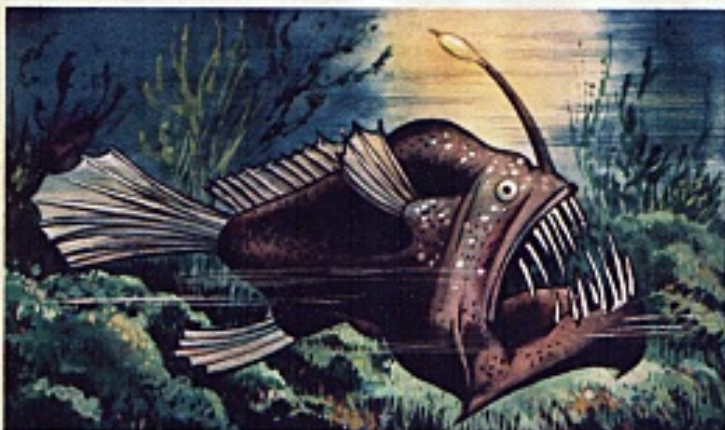
## Knows all the answers

Here is the Wise Old Owl, with answers to some interesting and puzzling questions.



### 1. How did the Cheetah get its name?

"This fast-moving animal, one of the big cat family, has been tamed and used for hunting in India for hundreds of years. Its name comes from an Indian word 'chita', which means speckled. It is a fast runner and over short distances, up to 400 yards or so, it can run at 60 miles an hour."



### 2. Do fish have teeth?

"Yes, most of them do, and some fish have a large number of teeth. They do not always have teeth in the same place. Some kinds of fish have teeth round the edge of their jaws, like human beings and animals, others have them in the roofs of their mouths, on the tongue or in the throat. Usually they grow new teeth as the others wear out. The fish shown is a Black Angler."



### 3. What do people mean when they speak of "donkey's years"?

"If you said to another person, 'I haven't seen your friend for donkey's years', you would be saying that it had been for a very long time. This expression is probably a play on the words 'donkey's ears', which are also very long. You can see how long a donkey's ears are in this attractive picture of mother and baby. Donkeys can sometimes be seen at the seaside, giving children rides."



### 4. When you blow out a candle, where does the flame go?

"If you hold the flame of a match to the wick of a candle, some of the grease is melted, giving off a gas which burns. If you blow on it, you cool it so that the flame can no longer burn."



### 5. Do caterpillars come from butterflies or from moths?

"The answer is that they come from both. A caterpillar is the larva of the insect at its feeding stage. You may like to know that the name comes from two French words meaning 'hairy cat'."